

## Pour Some Sugar On Me by fullofwander

**Series:** [Like a Hurricane](#) [3]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** M/M, Steve and Billy finally talking it out, also dancing together, idk how to tag this, kind of, uhggg emotional shit?

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-11-10

**Updated:** 2017-11-10

**Packaged:** 2022-04-02 14:47:01

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,056

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Surprisingly, Steve had kept to the promise he made to himself. Despite the heated looks and snarky comments, he had not found himself shaking against Billy's heat in several days. Unfortunately, he had also been unsuccessful in getting the other boy to have a serious conversation with him.

This story makes more sense if you read the other 2 parts first.

## **Pour Some Sugar On Me**

Surprisingly, Steve had kept to the promise he made to himself. Despite the heated looks and snarky comments, he had not found himself shaking against Billy's heat in several days. Unfortunately, he had also been unsuccessful in getting the other boy to have a serious conversation with him.

It was all “come a little closer, pretty boy, and we'll find something to talk about,” which Steve quickly tucked tail and ran from.

From their last few interactions, it had been made abundantly clear to himself that his self-control was non-existent in close proximity to Billy.

Steve's apparent skittishness didn't do anything to deter Billy though, if the way he continued to lounge against things and lick his lips in Steve's direction were anything to go by. More than once Billy's brash laughter had followed him as he retreated. Dickhead.

The end of the week found Steve at a last-minute house party, leaning against a wall in a dark corner and nursing the beer he'd been handed when he first arrived. A year ago, this party would have been his kingdom. He would've been at the center of it, blowing past drunk and we'll on his way to wasted.

He might've still been on that path tonight if he hadn't seen a certain blonde swagger through the door not long after he arrived. Fuck.

Steve's hand reached up to adjust a scarf that was no longer there. His bruises had faded enough that his amateur handiwork with his mom's concealer did the job just fine, and the low lighting at the party helped as well.

Steve stared as Billy downed beer after beer, leaning more heavily on his companions after each one. He sighed, frowning, thumbing the condensation on the side of his own can. Looks like tonight wasn't going to be the night they had that serious conversation either.

He watched as Billy threw back his head and practically roared at something the boy standing next to him said, the sound even overcoming the music.

There's no point standing here and staring like some lovesick chick. He keeps drinking like that he's gonna do something he regrets.

Steve tilted the can to his lips and finished off the foamy dregs, then pushed himself off the wall and headed toward the kitchen.

The light in the kitchen was just as dim as the rest of the house. A single bulb over the sink gave the room a soft, warm glow. On the island counter sat a punch bowl full some sort of bright red drink, one of Steve's classmates standing over it with a ladle and stagger-swaying to the music.

"What the hell is in that?" Steve asked, his nose twitching at the overpowering alcoholic fumes coming off the bowl.

"Pure fuel!" the guy shouted, ladling some of the toxic drink into a cup and wobbling his way back into the living room with a quick introduction to the door jam. Steve's eyebrows rose.

Right, let's not drink any of that.

He sat down his empty beer can and turned to the sink for some water. Through the walls he could hear the sounds from the party, loud music and louder chatter filtering through the cracks and around the doors. The kitchen door swung open behind him, letting through a loud burst of sound before cutting it off again. Steve took a sip from his solo cup, leaning a hip against the sink and staring unseeing at the closed blinds in front of him, not in the mood to interact with any more of his drunk classmates. Apparently the drunk classmate did not feel the same.

Warm lips breathed into his ear as well-toned arms came around his waist, warm hands quickly finding their way under the hem of his shirt and splaying across his stomach.

"Pour some sugar on me," Billy crooned softly. Steve startled at the burning touch, goosebumps racing across his arms, his chest, his

neck. He turned quickly into the boy behind him, the calloused hands staying firm around him.

“C’mon, fire me up,” Billy’s eyes were half mast, a slight alcoholic haze glazing them over, ever-present shark grin stretching wide. He leans forward but Steve turns his face away, causing Billy’s warm, damp lips to land on his cheek.

“Pour your sugar on me,” he continued against Steve’s cheek, echoing the song coming from the other room. His hands on Steve’s waist pushed and pulled, dragging the reluctant boy into a swaying motion. “I can’t get enough.”

Steve moved to grab Billy’s wrists and dug his nails in, attempting to convince both of them to stop. “Billy!”

“I’m hot, sticky sweet, from my head, to my feet,” Billy’s lips trailed down to Steve’s jaw, mouthing the words against his skin.

Jesus, I don’t find this attractive. I DO NOT. He’s going to get us caught!

Billy’s hands pressed their hips firmly together, Billy’s interest in the situation becoming even more obvious. His damp blonde curls stuck to his neck. Steve pulled at his wrists, trying to ignore the mouth pressing sweet words and dragging brief wet kisses against his jaw. “Stop. Billy! Billy, we really need to talk about all of this.”

“Come on, pretty boy, don’t you want to dance with me? You got the peaches, I got the cream, sweet to taste, saccharine.” Billy’s hands pulled out of his, one sliding down to cup Steve’s ass, the other into the small of his back and up his spine, all the while swaying to the music. The singing in his ear was doing funny things to his heart and his stomach, the firm touches making him moan. Steve’s breaths left him in heaving pants.

“What the fuck, Hargrove? Anyone could walk in!” Steve’s eyes strayed to the door over the other boy’s shoulder.

Teeth on his neck began to nibble, sharp enough to make him tremble but not to bruise. “Nuh uh, I locked it when I came in.”

Do kitchen doors even have locks?

The answer was apparently yes when a loud pounding came from the door and an obviously drunk voice shouted, “Hey man, what the big idea?”

The noise startled Billy enough that Steve was able to push him back and slip by, rounding the island and unlocking the door quickly for his unknowing savior. A couple fell through the door, laughing and hanging off of each other. Steve moved back as they weaved their way to the punchbowl, watching in his peripheral as Billy leaned back against the sink. Billy’s eyes were a brand on the side of his face, churning heat bubbling up Steve from the inside.

The tipsy couple was oblivious to the tension in the room, quickly refilling their cups and leaving again.

Billy started around the island toward Steve as soon as the door closed again, hips swaying indecently in their ridiculously tight pants.

Fuck, I’ve got to get control of this situation. Shit! What’s this asshole doing now?!

Steve moved to mirror Billy, keeping the island between them. Billy abruptly stopped, eyebrows raising. Then he started moving again, one slow step at a time. Steve clocked him step for step, finding himself back around at the sink again. Billy, back at the kitchen door, reached up to lock it. Fuck.

“You stay over there!” Steve said, pointing his finger across the room, one hand on his hip. A slow grin spread across Billy’s face, softer than his usual feral look. Dampened by alcohol and something else, something emotional, though Steve was reluctant to give it a name. His gaze swept down and up, lingering on Steve’s cocked hips and taking in his hopefully stern expression.

Billy moved quickly then, coming around the corner of the island just as Steve made it to the opposite side. They both had hands on the edge of the middle counter, each trying to gauge when the other would move and in which direction. Around and around they went,

starting and stopping in quick bursts. By the fourth rotation Steve was practically shaking from adrenalin, some base animal instinct in him knowing this age-old game.

This is ridiculous, Steve thought to himself, on the edge of hysterics. Billy was openly laughing with a mirthful glint in his eye, breathing hard as the alcohol took its effect on his stamina.

Steve felt the corners of his own mouth turning up as they both slowed to a stop.

“Look,” he said, trying to catch his breath and slow his heart. “We really do need to talk.”

“Bout what,” said Billy, rolling his eyes and producing a cigarette from somewhere, movements languid.

“About the fact that you keep kissing me!” Steve burst out, incredulous.

Touching me, making me feel emotions I’ve only felt for one other person before. God, why does he always have to be such a dickhead?

Billy took a deep drag, licking his lips before blowing the smoke out, eyes never wavering from their constant drilling stare. He didn’t respond to Steve, just stood there like he didn’t have a care in the world. Looking at the other boy as if he wanted to eat him up.

Steve became uncomfortable, watching Billy take drag after drag. He’d put himself out there, naming what they were doing out loud, but he couldn’t stand the uncertainty and ambiguity anymore. There was enough of that going on in other areas of his life, which he was resolutely ignoring.

“Hey shithead, why won’t you say anything?!” Steve ran his hands through his hair, grabbing a fistful and pulling it taught from his scalp, making the strands stand on end. Fuck, he’d worked hard on it, and now this fucking asshole was making him ruin it. Dick.

Fuck this.

Steve turned toward the door, ready to call it a wash and get the fuck

out of there. Something in his slumped shoulders or tired sigh must have made it through to Billy though, who started to speak as Steve reached for the door lock.

“What do you want me to say?” he stopped to stub his cigarette out in the sink, taking a deep breath. Then the words seemed to burst out of him. “That the sight of you first thing in the morning makes my whole day brighter? That it’s exciting to push and prod at you during practice, just to see the fire in your eyes? That the taste of your mouth and the feel of your skin makes me believe in things I thought didn’t really exist?”

Steve turned, speechless. Billy’s words were...heartfelt. Emotional. Steve was half-convinced before tonight that those types of words didn’t really apply to the other boy. But here he was, and here Billy was, looking at Steve with starkly sad eyes and his own shoulders slumping under some invisible weight. Steve watched his fingers twitch, hands flexing. The sharp grin was gone his jaw clenched.

“I...I wasn’t sure if you were messing with me. You’re not doing this with other people?” Steve’s voice was way more unsure than he expected it to be.

That was not what I thought I was going to say. What the fuck? Is that really what I’ve been worried about?

“Sweetheart, you’re an idiot,” the condescending words fell out of Billy’s mouth like a caress, and the tension seemed to drain out of him. “Come here.”

Billy held out his hand across the room. Steve stared at it.

Am I really doing this? Are WE really doing this? This isn’t safe, or smart. ...Right, when have I been either of those things? Shit.

Steve crept around the island, feeling like a spooked cat. The hand never wavered, and he found himself craving some of that conviction. He took Billy’s hand, allowing the other to pull him close, wrap him in those muscular arms, that too-warm embrace that was starting to feel way too comforting to Steve. The two were almost the exact same height. Steve stared into the other’s suddenly so much more

openly expressive eyes and wondered what his own were showing in that moment.

The music from the other room had changed to a slower song, something low and languid and sweet. As Billy once more swayed them to the music, tangling their feet together, Steve slid his hands around Billy's neck and kissed him.

**Author's Note:**

I fudged the dates with the song, but it was too good of an opportunity to pass up!

I'm on tumblr @fullofwander.